

## STATEMENT of the Auditors of Foster Township

for the year of 1898-99.  
Orders Issued by Patrick McGuire,  
Supervisor.

No. 333, Tribune Printing Company, publishing statement and notice.....	22 50
No. 334, Suit of G. H. Marle & Co. vs Foster township	68 99
Total.....	91 49
Orders Issued by Frank McHugh, Supervisor.	
No. 85, Albert Goepfert, room rent.....	6 00
" 87, T. A. Buckley, J. E. auditors' oaths.....	50
" 88, Owen Fowler, publishing statement and notice.....	22 50
" 89, W. H. Find, publishing statement and notice.....	22 50
" 90, Frank McHugh, horse hire.....	1 50
" 91, Frank McHugh, horse hire.....	1 50
" 92, Frank McHugh, horse hire.....	1 50
" 93, August Baker, trip to Wilkesbarre.....	5 00
" 94, August Baker, trip to Wilkesbarre.....	5 00
Total.....	66 00
Orders Outstanding and Unpaid.	
No. 86, Silas Woodring.....	42
" 87, Mrs. A. S. Assets, water troughs.....	10 00
" 88, Noah Houser, water troughs.....	5 00
" 89, Elias Fairchild, water troughs.....	5 00
Total.....	30 42

### Resources of Foster Township, as per audit of 1898-99.

Due from Thomas Early, ex-supervisor.....	568 00
" from Jos. Sarricks, ex-supervisor.....	781 02
" from Patk. McGuire, ex-supervisor.....	158 50
" from John Schuch, ex-supervisor.....	140 75
" from Patk. McGuire, ex-supervisor.....	33 34
" from John W. Davis, ex-supervisor.....	175 08
" from John D. Davis, ex-supervisor.....	132 25
" from James Bankin, ex-supervisor.....	338 37
Total.....	2,247 91

Unsettled land, 1891-92, Lewis Bechoff, collector.....	36 00
Seated land, 1891-92, Lewis Bechoff, collector.....	345 58
Unsettled land, 1892-93, Patk. Givens, collector.....	405 08
Seated land, 1892-93, Patk. Givens, collector.....	130 04
Total.....	960 50

Receipts, Regular Tax, 1898-99, August Baker, Treasurer.	
Dr.	
Received from county treasurer, license tax.....	180 00
Received from county treasurer, seated land tax.....	280 90
Received from August Baker, ex-treasurer.....	34 50
Total.....	495 52

Paid out on old orders.	
No. 51, to Patrick McGadden.....	6 00
" 50, " John Ferry.....	31 88
" 49, " John D. Davis.....	28 25
" 48, " John D. Davis.....	37 50
" 47, " John D. Davis.....	36 00
" 46, " John D. Davis.....	40 50
" 45, " John Walton.....	15 00
" 44, " John Harley.....	7 50
" 43, " Noah Houser.....	5 00
" 42, " Richard O'Connor.....	4 37
Paid on marshalled indebtedness.	
To Joseph Neuburger.....	61 07
" Morris Ulrich.....	16 00
" Joseph Ulich.....	5 00
Total.....	202 07

By disbursements of Patrick McGuire.....	91 49
By disbursements of Frank McHugh.....	66 00
By treasurer's commission at 3 per cent on \$440.56.....	13 49
Balance due from treasurer.....	32 47
Total.....	405 52

We, the undersigned auditors of Foster township, being duly sworn according to law, do certify that the above is a correct statement of the financial condition and affairs of said township, to the best of our knowledge and belief.

P. H. Ferry,  
J. G. Gallagher, Auditors.  
T. G. Argust,

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## THE BRIBERY SCANDAL.

### Latest About the Sensation That Is Now On at Harrisburg.

New Witnesses Examined and Several Leading Republicans Are Involved. Spatz and Costello Tell Their Story. The Senatorial Situation Unchanged. But Quay Gets In His Work Against the Democrats on the Bruce Charter.

(Special Correspondence.)  
Harrisburg, March 20.—The legislature is preparing to adjourn in conformity with the Democratic program. On Thursday last Representative Crenshaw offered a resolution providing for night sessions on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays, beginning tomorrow night. The object of this hasty legislation is so that the house may be ready to adjourn on the date set, April 20. The Democratic leaders believe that all necessary legislation can be completed by that time and there is no necessity for continuing the expenses of the legislature longer.

THE BRIBERY SCANDAL.  
The bribery investigation this week was not very sensational. Only two new witnesses were examined, although two of the accused were given an opportunity to testify before the committee and explain their connection with the alleged use of money in the passage of the McCarrill bill. The new witnesses were Representative S. S. Smith, of Cameron county, and Editor O'Toole, of Scranton newspaper.

Representative Charles B. Spatz, of Berks county, was subpoenaed, and denied having ever offered any money to anybody to either vote for the McCarrill bill or sign the paper agreeing to stand by Hon. George A. Jenks to the end. Mr. Spatz admitted that he had taken the three Democratic members from Northampton county downstairs to the room of a man named Lawler, whose room connected with that of ex-Senator Coyle, but that it was not for an improper purpose.

The three gentlemen from Northampton swore that Spatz took them down there and introduced them to Coyle, who made them an offer of money. Spatz said that he took them down to Lawler's room, where there was pen and ink, so they could sign the paper. Spatz presented a copy of what purported to be the paper and which he said had been typewritten by Mr. Nichols, whom Chairman Fow of the investigators, said was the private secretary of ex-Senator William H. Andrews, of "Lexow" notoriety. Representative Spatz said that he had never talked the McCarrill bill over with Senator Coyle and had never been offered any money to vote for it or to vote on the senatorship.

REPRESENTATIVE SMITH'S STORY.  
Representative Smith said that he had not been offered money or any valuable thing, but that a man had asked him to enter a committee room, and there requested him to help support the McCarrill bill, and just as he began to talk about "two and a half" some one entered the room, and that ended the conversation. He refused to give the name of the person, but it is believed to be a member.

Michael J. Costello, who is accused of having introduced John Engler, of Lycoming county, to ex-Senator Coyle when Coyle offered Engler money, and who is also charged by Engler under oath with having driven out to his house 13 miles from Williamsport and offered him \$500 to vote for the McCarrill bill, also took the stand. Costello denied everything. He said that he was interested in the McCarrill bill because his brother was charged with conspiracy in Lycoming county, and he thought it would help him. He denied that he had ever offered Engler a penny, and gave as the excuse for driving out to his house in a snowstorm that he wanted to know why he had not voted for the McCarrill bill.

Being cross examined by Chairman Fow Costello admitted that he did not know that his brother was under indictment for highway robbery. He said he thought it was for "conspiracy to rob." He further admitted that he did not know the McCarrill bill did not apply to such crimes. He swore that Representative Yates, Republican, of Philadelphia, had told him and several others that he was going to desert Quay and vote for Dalsell because Senator David Martin, of Philadelphia, had offered to make him a magistrate in that city.

Representative Yates will go on the stand and deny the story of Costello as a deliberate falsehood. Senator Martin said he would not dignify Costello's statement with a denial. Democratic State Senator J. Henry Cochran, of Lycoming, is greatly incensed at Costello, who dragged his (Cochran's) name into the matter. Costello is likely to suffer for his actions when the prosecuting committee gets down to work.

EDITOR O'TOOLE'S STATEMENT.  
Mr. O'Toole is editor of a Scranton paper that published three columns of an article about members being compelled to vote for Quay, and stated that Judge A. Chibald, of Lackawanna county, had held an office over the head of Representative Mackey as a club to force him into voting for Quay. The editor admitted that his information had come from Representative Mackey, Republican, of Lackawanna. Representative Mackey will be called to the stand this week, and the revelations regarding this judge can then be made.

EDITOR O'TOOLE'S STATEMENT.  
The senatorial situation has not changed since my last letter. The Democracy is standing solid for Hon. George A. Jenks.

## I HAVE LOVED YOU SO.

Sweet, I have loved you so these long years past,  
With all the passion of my ardent youth  
That o'er our lives a lovely glamour cast;  
I staked my honor on your ceaseless truth.

And now, with dreamy wonderment I miss  
The clinging tenderness of long ago,  
The gentle sympathy, the answering kiss  
\* \* \* And I have loved you so.

Dear, for one hour, one little hour tonight,  
We two must face the weary length of years  
That looms before us, bare of all delight,  
And heralded by bitter, heart-drawn tears.

Are we to break the ever-loosening chain  
That held us once so closely in its keep;  
Or will the sharpness of our present pain  
Be lulled by patience to a fitful sleep?

Dear, in your hands I leave our after-fate,  
With but one prayer for all the old love's sake;  
If you should answer, it is all too late  
To dream a dead affection should awake.

Speak without bitterness. Around us lie  
The tender memories of long ago,  
That witness mournfully our last good-bye  
\* \* \* And I have loved you so.

## THE YACHT ORCHID.

He was looking at May's portrait—a lovely little miniature—when the housemaid brought the packet to him. The girl entered timidly, with a furtive glance at her master, for whom her heart was bleeding. But if her timidity had arisen from the fear of seeing some exhibition of terrible sorrow, she had alarmed herself needlessly. No sign of tears, either past or present, was visible in the young man's eyes. They were hard and bright. Hard, also, was his face, and the clenched lips like adamant.

He took the thick envelope off the salver, glanced at the clerky writing and at the back, upon which was stamped in blue letters, "W. Robinson & Co." Then he flung it on the table, and as the servant left the room the sound of harsh laughter broke upon her astonished ears. She fled to the kitchen and with scared face whispered that she thought poor Mr. Ord must be going mad.

Small wonder, perhaps, if he were! He had written a few days before to William Robinson for those patterns that he might choose the materials for his wedding suit. What a weighty matter that choice would have been! May was so particular about what he wore. He used to be a little careless about his dress once—going about in coats with creases in them, and farmer's boots. Then, in his endeavor to gain May's approbation, he had overdone it in the opposite direction, sporting collars of absurd height, and impossible ties, enduring like a martyr the pinch of patent leather shoes a size too small for him and getting himself a little chafed by appearing in suits unmistakably in advance of the fashion.

May, with gentle tact, had changed all this. Never hurting her ardent young lover by open condemnation of his apparel, but by artful suggestions had first roused him to an interest in his attire, then toned down his somewhat crude tastes, and finally schooled him into that quiet perfection of dressing which is the attribute of a gentleman. He had written for the pattern from Robinson's a few weeks before the important suit should be needed, as he wanted to have May's opinion with regard to the materials. Already the little, laughing, gay girl had begun to be more than a mere piece of loveliness for his admiring eyes to rest upon. He consulted her about everything. He had no sisters, and until the last year—when the death of an uncle and the inheritance of a fortune had made him his own master—he had lived a solitary life in a remote country town with the relation by whose sudden death he was enriched. May Carden, one of the first young ladies he came across in town, had taken his heart by storm. The mixture of frivolity and sound practical sense in her nature was exactly what he needed. The one broke the crust of a certain morose-born of an unloved life, and the other steadied the propensities to extravagance of taste and living which unexpected wealth had not unnaturally aroused.

After that laugh of harshness, which had so startled his servant, Laurence Ord went back to the study of May's portrait. It was indeed a veritable "May" face. Cheeks like young roses, hair brown as hawthorn twigs, lips which were akin to the deep pink buds of the apple blossom, and eyes

Tinct with azure, like two crystal wells  
That drink the blue complexion of the skies.

These latter laughed back as if in mocking merriment to the hard gray ones which were looking down on them. A sob of anguish broke in a groan from Ord's lips. He tried to realize that those dancing eyes were closed forever. Tried—tried as many and many a bereaved one has striven in vain to do—to grasp the fact that the dear lips would never speak again; that no more until the day of resurrection would so much as the faintest color tinge the still white face. The

picture before him, bubbling over as it was with life and mirth, gave the lie to such a thought. The idea of May—May, the merriest little person in the world, lying cold and silent, was too much for the young man who had last seen her having a wild game with a kitten on the deck of a friend's yacht.

He had dreaded that little cruise more than he could say. He had all but asked her not to go; but from this he had refrained, deeming it mere selfishness.

"You don't mind me going, Laurie, do you?" she had asked, when the trip had been suggested, and with a little pleading look in her eyes which was irresistible, especially as he had not yet the absolute right to give or withhold permission. "I'll only be gone three weeks, dear, and then—if you still have a mind to—you may take me and keep me forever, and forever, and forever! A large order, Laurie! Shall you want me for so long, do you think?"

Ord, never a backward lover, had answered that question by a quietus to the sweet lips which spoke it.

He had gone to see her off on board the Orchid, and she had stopped in the middle of one of her airy whirls with the kitten and a piece of scarlet ribbon, to whisper, "Mind you have the patterns ready by the time I come back!"

The patterns were ready, but never more thought poor heart-broken Laurie would May come back to him again.

"The yacht Orchid, which was wrecked last night on the dangerous reef outside Alwyn Bay, is the property of a Mr. Griffiths, of London. All on board were saved except the unfortunate whose body was washed ashore early this morning. It has been identified as that of Miss May Carden."

This was the paragraph which had caught the eye of Laurence Ord as he had run over his morning paper at breakfast. Afterward he had come upon the first and longer account, but this was evidently a little paragraph inserted when further information had been received.

It was evening now, and as the slow hours passed young Ord began to writh beneath the weight of anguish which crushed his heart. His senses had at first been blunted by the shock. Now they were awakening to full consciousness of the immeasurable pain. He laid the miniature down and began to walk about the room. He moved things here and there. He wound the clock—then his nerveless fingers dropped it with a crash. He let it lie where it had fallen. He pulled up the blind and looked up at the stary heavens. But it was of no comfort to him to think of May as dwelling among their mysteries. The sight of them did not bring tears to his scorching eyes, or soften one atom the hard agony which held him in its merciless grip. He had a sort of feeling that little May would rather be with him. He began mechanically to settle the things on the table, to fold up the newspapers and open his neglected letters. He was fighting his pain. The letters were read without his being a whit the wiser as to their contents. The packet of patterns was the only thing that remained. With another of those pitiful laughs he ripped open the envelope. The laugh changed into an indescribable cry. There were no patterns in the envelope. Instead there were three thick sheets of paper, each of which had "Walter Robinson & Son, Solicitors, Alwyn Bay," printed upon it. The writing was a penciled scrawl—a dear, familiar scrawl. Laurence read it on his knees, sobbing out his thanks to God. Three sentences and the signature will sufficiently explain:

"I was brought ashore half-drowned \* \* \* Mr. Robinson, a lawyer, has kindly given us shelter. \* \* \* Mr. Griffiths is addressing this. \* \* \* Your loving May."

Accounting for Cats' Tastes.  
"Did you ever notice the cats about the oyster stands of the city?" asked a gentleman who takes an interest in zoology. "They are invariably as fat as butter. That is because they get plenty of shell-fish to eat, and, by the way, the fondness of cats for that kind of diet is a mystery which I'd like to hear some evolutionist explain. A cat will go crazy over a shrimp, and it is all the same whether it's a city cat or a hayseed cat that never saw water except in a cistern. It's a taste born in them, like their fear of dogs, and the question is, How the mischief did they acquire it?"

"According to the evolution theory, such traits are inherited and traceable to conditions away back toward the beginning of things. That would seem to indicate that the primal cat was a fisher; but how is one to reconcile the idea to the instinctive abhorrence of the tribe for water? Their craving for shellfish is certainly so pronounced, that there must be an excellent reason behind it, and, altogether, it is quite a pretty little problem for some savant. It is too hard for me."

Britannia.  
The figure of Britannia on the coin of the realm is neither a fancy figure nor taken from the antique. According to the historian Grammont, it is a full-length portrait of Frances Theresa Stuart, Duchess of Lennox, painted by Lely, and still extant at Lethington Castle, East Lothian, Scotland. It was Charles II. who caused this lady to be represented as the emblematic figure of Britannia.

Largest Sun Dial.  
The largest sun dial in the world is Hayou Horoo, a large promontory, extending 3,000 feet above the Aegean Sea. As the sun swings round the shadow of this mountain it touches, one by one, a circle of islands, which act as hour marks.

## IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

"Dolce far niente—a sweet doing nothing. I shall pin that to the catalogue of memory's pictures painted here."

She looked up at him and laughed. Their eyes met, then parted, and a vague sense of anticipated loss came to him with the realization of her departure.

"You will forget all this. As for me, I will only be one more in your collection," he smiled, evidently a willing victim.

"Collection—of sticks?" she interrogated laughingly.

"You are unkind," he protested. "You think, then, my remembrance of a charming winter, like pricked bubbles, will vanish into space?"

Her face flushed and a shadow deepened her brown eyes. She caught her breath as she crushed the laces of her gown against her side then she went on.

"We've seen each other every day, if only for a few moments, during nearly two months, meeting with perfect frankness and, I thought, friendship. If it has all been insincere, I shall forget."

"Insincere?" "You have made me care too much. But in the North there will be other interests in your life, crowding me out, until I shall fade into the dim corridors of the past."

"But not the square, strong chin and mouth and the little wrinkles that caught around the smiling eyes. He could thus lightly toss aside the recollection of drives, of wheeling down shaded country roads which were, he had said, "like a benediction," and the evenings when he sang with delicate insinuation and emphasis about "you dear," and "love." All these thoughts pricked her mind. If she could only forget him!

"Really, you seem most insistent to become merely a polka-dot in my memory. Don't you think, even then, I could always spot you?"

"Just if you must; but stay, ah, stay, fair lady, on this perfect day! I promise to do anything—say anything, if you will not go."

"You was quite poetical," she said, sweetly. "There is the silver moon for the second verse."

"Thanks for the suggestion"—rather stiffly.

"Come; my hostess will think I am lost."

"When a woman will, she will."

## CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and Substitutes are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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Castoria is a substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrup. It is Harmless and Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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## Some Pointed Questions

Does your urine contain any sediment? Is the lower part of your back sore, weak and lame? Does your urine have a whitish, milky color? Is there a smarting or scalding sensation in passing it? Does it pain you to hold it? Do you desire to urinate often, especially at night?

If you have any of these symptoms, your Kidneys are diseased and your life is in danger. More people die of such disorders than are killed in wars.

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is a direct and sure cure. It goes straight to the seat of diseases in the Kidneys, Bladder and Blood. It hunts out and drives from the system all the impurities that cause pain in the back, Stone in the Bladder, Bright's Disease, Urinary Troubles, and diseases of the Stomach and Liver. It acts at once. There is no long waiting to see if it will help.

"For years I suffered with my Kidneys," writes THOMAS QUACKENBUSH, of Pittsfield, Mass. "The pain in my back was so severe at times that I was obliged to keep to my bed. I suffered awfully when passing water, which was often discolored with blood. I tried almost everything in the shape of medicine, but nothing seemed to help me. One day I got a bottle of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy and used it but a little while when it braced me right up. My back became all right, no pain at all; my water cleared up and passed from me without pain, and I grew better in every way. I consider it a great medicine, as it has done wonders for me. My wife uses it for female complaint, and thinks it's the finest medicine in the world."

Sample Bottle Free.  
Every man and woman who reads this paper and is in need of medicine, is invited to send full postoffice address for a free trial bottle of Favorite Remedy to the Dr. DAVID KENNEDY CORPORATION, Rondout, N. Y. Our offer is genuine, and the fact that it appears in this paper is a guarantee that the trial bottle will be sent prepaid. Don't delay in writing, and mention this paper. A large bottle costs \$1.00 at all drug stores.

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